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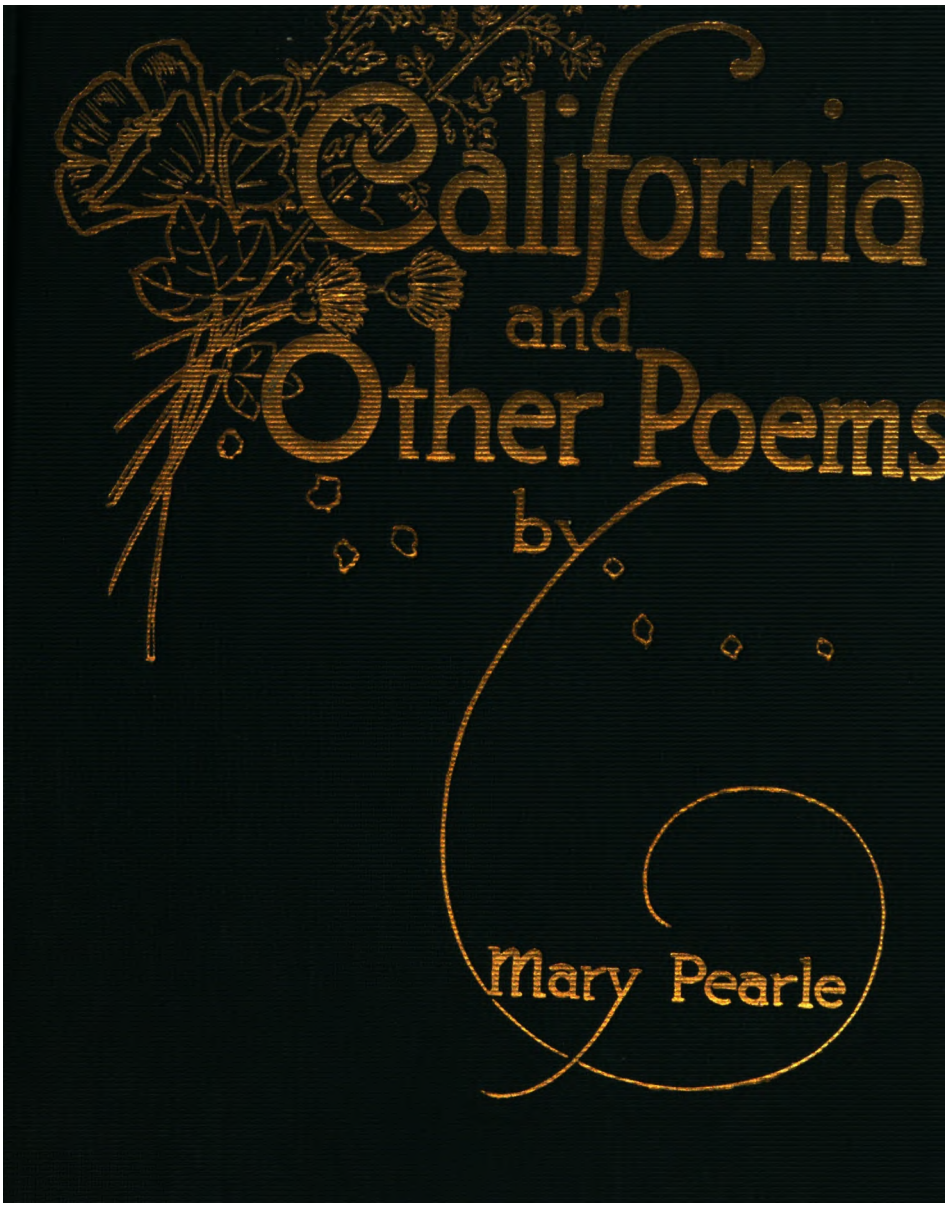

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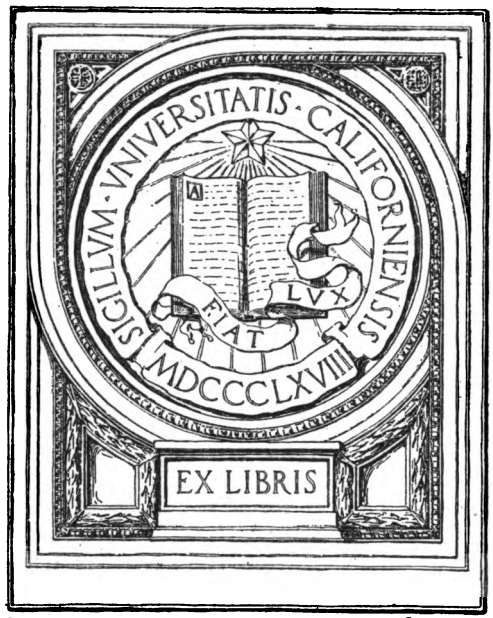

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756 Toro St.,
San Luis Obispo,
California,
Feb 19 1916.

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CALIFORNIA
AND
OTHER POEMS

By

MARY PEARLE

San Francisco
Press of The James H. Barry Co.
1915

Univ. of California

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THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS

Christmas chimes ring out with gladness,
Christmas cheer dispels earth's sadness,
Christmas hearts send forth glad greeting,
Christmas hands clasp warm at meeting.

Happy thoughts in all minds springing,
Happy voices gaily singing,
Happy smiles on beaming faces,
Happy scenes in market places.

Jolly firesides, guileless pleasures,
Jolly friendship, token treasures,
Jolly babies, full of laughter,
Jolly times, before and after.

Santa Claus is surely coming,
Santa Claus his gay song humming,
Santa Claus by reindeer borne,
O'er the hills on Christmas morn.

Stockings hung in countless rows,
Baby stockings out at toes;
Restless heads keep, all the night,
Popping up from pillows white—

Wondering if Santa came;
Had the reindeer all got lame
O'er the Rocky Mountains toiling
Hard, to keep the toys from spoiling?

Christmas chimes ring out the story
Of the King of grace and glory,
Of His star the wise men guiding
To the Babe pure and confiding.

Would our hearts were childlike holy
And our lives more meek and lowly;
Full of tenderness and love
Like the Christ Child from above.

Massassaga Point.

My Dear Mrs. Pearle:—

Verily your "Christmas Chimes ring out with gladness," in a happy, silvery tone and pleasing measure, telling the old, old, sweet story. The story I will read to-morrow.

Wishing you and your dear ones many happy returns of the season, I am,

Yours very sincerely,
CALISTA I. CZARA.

December 23, 1892.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA.

Often in the quiet gloaming
  Of a balmy sunny day,
Viewing the majestic beauty
  Of the green hills far away,
To my soul, I voice, in rapture
  "There is charm everywhere.
Truly 'tis the land of Promise
  California! rich and fair."

Meditating 'mid thy flowers,
  Smiling to the suncrowned sky
Comes a flood of inspiration—
  Thoughts of things that cannot die.
O'er my soul thy spell alluring
  Casts the magic of desire,
For I am part of California
  And together we aspire.

California! 'Neath the shadow
  Of thy mountains green and gray,
In the hazy mellow moonlight,
  Fancy free, I often stray
To a cottage in the highlands,
  Covered with the frozen snow,
Where we dream of California—
  In the happy long ago.

We, the children of the ages,
  Schooled in European lore,
Turned from the ancient pages
  To a later, fairer, shore,

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Leaving frost and snow behind us,
  Moving to a hope sublime,
Risking all for California
  And its fascinating clime.

Native Sons! and Native Daughters
  Of the glorious Golden West,
Yours, indeed a sacred birthright
  To the fairest land and best.
But, with loyal, loving kindness
  Note the strangers at your gate,
Welcome them to California
  Although born, alas! too late.

California, highly favored
  Above ancient Greece and Rome,
Open wide thy golden portals
  That the strangers may find home.
Give the Brotherhood of Nations
  Entertainment for the night,
When the World's Exposition
  And its glory loom in sight!

California! God's own country,
  Proudly scorn each evil thing,
Let the light of Sinai's mountain
  Guiding rays around you fling.
Righteousness exalts thy banners,
  Queen of every other state,
Therefore be your watchword ever
  "The good alone are great."

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"BEAUTY MADE THE WORLD."

Emerson.

This world is beautiful with shine and shade
E'en though its roses droop and fade,
  And its lilies do not stay.
There is freshness on the summer hills,
A thrill of rapture in the rippling rills
  Where little minnows play.

The sea is fair with calm and billow
Where aching heads oft find a pillow
  So wonderfully soft;
O! give me a nook by the wild, free sea
Where the white foam dashes a kiss to me
  As the sailors go aloft!

And the woods! O, the woods are fair to see,
Where the wild birds chant sweet melody,
  Gay songs of faith and love.
O, give me a seat 'neath the forest tree,
With my dearest friend in converse with me,
  And the soft blue clouds above.

They tell me of heavenly lands more bright,
Where there shall never more be night,
  And suns shall never set.
Yet methinks I should miss the moonlight soft
And the gentle touch of a hand that oft
  My own in the pale light met.

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And that cottage home 'neath the old oak tree,
Pictured so plain in memory,
  My fancy still enthralls.
For I shall never on this earthly plane
Find the contentment and love again
  I found within its walls.

Blame me not, if I call earth good
Though heaven may suit a sadder mood,
  To-day I am content
To bask in the beauty God has given,
Until in the better land of heaven
  My future life is spent.

And oft at eve, when the sun is low,
I look toward the west, where the sky, aglow
  With his departing kiss,
Mirrors that Paradise far away,
While I wonder if Celestial day
  Can be more fair than this.

MEMORIAL POEM.

The morn has dawned upon the night of sorrow,
  For which we prayed a little while ago;
And he has entered on that bright to-morrow,
  Triumphant over death and pain and woe.

Nearer, My God, to Thee, in anguish
  He prayed in agony of mortal pain;
"Thy will be done," although the body languish,
  He softly murmured o'er and o'er again.

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He was a hero. For his country's glory,
He risked his life, when in his youthful prime;
And dark the blot upon that country's story,
Left by the dastardly assassin's crime.

In perfect safety oft through din of battle,
He moved, while bullets flew around like rain;
Bearing dispatches 'neath the cannon's rattle,
To his commander, o'er beleaguered plain.

And yet, strange fate! At zenith of his power,
Upon the day named for him at the feast;
He fell a martyr, in the festive hour—
The nation's ruler and the people's guest.

Oh! watchman, tell us from thy clearer vision,
What of the night? Its gloom is o'er us still;
Is there no message from the land Elysian,
Urging submission to Jehovah's will?

Must anarchy enthrall our souls with terror,
In a land redeemed by patriotic blood?
How can we best eradicate all error,
And become strong in Christian brotherhood?

* * * * *

Oh, weary watchman, on the walls of Zion;
Proclaim the Gospel of a purer creed;
With God's good laws for nations to rely on—
There is no room for anarchy or greed.

"Thy will be done," above earth's dread commotion,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee," at any cost;
Till in the calm of the eternal ocean,
The tears of time shall be forever lost.

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THE SONG.

Softly and sweetly each glad note
  Fell on my raptured ear,
As minor chords their burdens float
  Upon the morning air.
I stood and listened. Silent tears
  Welled up into my eyes;
And for the moment life appears
  A breath of Paradise.

Louder still the notes flow on,
  Like triumph over pain.
My soul soars on the wings of song
  Up to a higher plain.
The anguish of my heart is healed,
  The wrongs of time forgot.
The word unkind forever sealed
  Upon that hallowed spot.

I looked around. Not far or high
  The singer and his art.
Within a thicket I espy
  The lute that touched my heart.
A wounded lark, within the brake
  Imprisoned and in pain,
Sang on through bitterest care and ache
  This beautiful refrain:

"Hope on! hope on! relief is near.
  Sing on! the end is nigh.
Love on! for love casts out the fear
  That cowards have to die!

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Work on! The morn is bright and fair
And life is sweet at noon.
But night is ever drawing near
And darkness comes too soon."

IN MEMORIAM.

F. M. Milne—April 21, 1910.

Calmly she sleeps in the arms eternal,
After the burden and heat of the day.
Breathing the odor of flowers ever vernal
In the beautiful city over the way.

She wrote of sweet rest and of heavenly beauty;
She told us of God's tender pity and care.
Her incentive to faithful performance of duty
Was faith in the beautiful home over there.

Her smile was a reflex of that inward glory;
It beamed like the sun on the rich and the poor.
Her life illustrated the sweet, tender story
Of hope and redemption and pardon secure.

How calmly she sleeps 'mid the lilies and roses,
Embalmed in the shrine of our tenderest love,
Saying from the glory in which she reposes,
"Set your affections upon things above."

Sadly and sorely our city will miss her
Culture, her talent, her influence sweet,
'Twas the angel of life and of love that did kiss her
And woo her away to ideals more sweet.

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INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1913.

The years roll on: time's chariot dashing
To earth the noble and the good,
While from Eternity this truth is flashing:
Death cannot sever bonds of brotherhood

And Freedom's laws stand written on Creation,
In language plain that all may understand
The crowning glory of this favored nation,
Where Independence waves its banner grand,

Beneath which the stranger of every nation
Finds hearty welcome, shelter and employ;
No matter what his color, creed, or station,
America would crown his life with joy.

And molding it to the culture of the ages,
Leaving the blinding desert sands behind,
Opening inspiration's golden pages
To educate the slave idea from the mind.

Adopting him into a kingdom newly born
Where every man may rule by right divine,
Conquering wrong and laughing graft to scorn,
Marching toward Progress along straighter lines.

Great Father of the universe, our praises
Ascend to-day for mercies of the past;
Preserve to us the virtue that thus raises,
Our Nation to honors that forever last.

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A MUTE APPEAL.

In mute appeal their unsealed eyes look upward
Into the azure that obscures God's throne;
"We fought for liberty, fought nobly and fell bravely
Defending what thou gavest us to own.
Appealing to the clemency of nations,
We fought like heroes, yet like dogs we lie
Unburied. How invincible the armor
Death's angel folds around the brave who die."

"Let the dead bury their dead," though sin and sorrow
Impede discipleship with Christ, the good;
Retributive justice on the dawning morrow
Demands respect for human brotherhood.
"Blest are the Merciful," thus taught the Master,
In that immortal Sermon on the Mount,
Oh, Kitchener, by whate'er creeds you name Him,
You hold His precepts of but small account.

Hearken, the nations cry, "For shame, Old England;
Call off thy sleuth-hounds and thy cruel war,
Or men will say, 'The Lord of Hosts is sleeping,
Thus to permit thy cruelties so far.'
Thou art behind the Turk in tender mercy,
Behind the savage in thy thirst for blood,
May God defend the weak and the oppressed
From English mammon. Israel's God is good."

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When Father Time records within his pages
The thrilling story of the Transvaal war,
To echo down the corridors of ages,
Denouncing England as a fallen star;
Inscribed in blood upon the hearts of nations
Shall live those words by cruel Kitchener said:
"Not one moment," when the Boers entreated
A little time to bury their brave dead.

And Ireland, too, in scorn shall disclaim him,
No son of Erin could have stooped so low
As to forget the etiquette of nations,
Denying burial to a fallen foe.
God's Universe is looking on in wonder,
To see the Boers acquit themselves like men;
As Samson, they shall rend their cords asunder,
In life or death they shall be free again.

ONE LITTLE WORD.

Leave it unsaid, if hate inspire
Thy mood, to set thy tongue on fire.
Thou art not sane, when anger rules
It dwelleth in the breast of fools.

One little word in anger spoken
Has many a tender heartstring broken.
The deed or word we misconstrue
May have been pure as morning dew.

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'Tis always best, to give thy friend
A chance, the little breach to mend,
For friendship is a rosebud sweet
You cannot trample under feet.

But place within your choicest vase
To listen to your softest phrase;
Till it expands into full flower
And by its love proclaim its power.

For love the universe controls,
And calms the wrath of human souls.
Saying "peace, be still," athwart the waves
That roll above unnumbered graves.

Life is so short; the end so near.
The calm, dead face that once was dear
Answers not back one little word,
Proclaim a truce and sheathe thy sword.

For if, indeed, the end had come
And thy dear friend had journeyed home,
That harsh word would remain unsaid,
And loving words be framed instead.

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LOVE SEEKETH NOT ITS OWN.

The train slowed up, at Castlebar
I heard the "all aboard!"
But there remained one passenger
Unmindful of the word.
A maiden, young and beautiful
As Erin's daughters, proud,
Stood with her arms circling
Her mother, wailing loud.

"Dieu lin! Dieu lin a lanna
Why do you go away
Till ye see yer poor old mother
Laid in the church yard clay?"
At last, with haste she pressed
Into the daughter's hand,
A little piece of shining gold,
With heroism grand.

And when, at length the weeping maid
Could tear herself apart,
With one loud sob she took her seat
Lonely and sore at heart.
Sobbing, aloud, "Ach, mother
Norah will come again
An' take you to America,
An' comfort all yer pain."

She paused and looked up shyly
As we drew near Athlone,
And seemed at last to realize
That she was not alone.

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I, too, she saw, was weeping,
For sympathy is kind,
And had I not that morning
Left loving ones behind?

She came, and sat beside me.
I took her hand in mine;
For one small touch of nature
Breaks the strong social line.
"And Norah you are going
To leave the dear old sod.
My little sister, do you go
In company with God?"

She gazed at me, as gentle deer,
When all the strife is o'er
And the sacrifice completed
To be recalled no more.
Then softly, with the accent
Of Erin's toiling poor,
She smiled a rainbow smile
And said "I'll trust in God for sure."

"But ochone alannah!
My mother ochone gave me all
The bit of money that she had
To buy things in the Fall.
An', now ye know I'm goin'
To where there's bread, galore,
Now won't you take an' send her back
This piece of gold, Asthore?

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"You'll stop in Dublin city.
'Tis an easy thing to do.
Just put it in a letter,
An' write a line or two
To say how Norah couldn't
Take her little bit of gold
To where there is great plenty
Of everything, I'm told."

I could not take the money,
But I wrote a letter kind,
To the address she gave me
Her mother's home to find,
And often since, when selfishness
Obstructs the King's high road
I think of little Norah
And her faith in man and God.

WASHINGTON'S DAY.

Ring out! ring gladly Liberty Bell,
And loudly to the Nation tell
The story of to-day;
That Washington may honored be,
Who for perpetual liberty
So bravely cleared the way.

Ring out proudly old Liberty Bell;
From shore to shore let glad tones swell
In praise of dauntless truth;

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For Washington by light Divine,
'Twixt vice and virtue drew the line
To shield the Nation's youth.

Ring out boldly Liberty Bell,
And ask the people is it well
To yield on every hand
A little here and a little there,
Of principles he bought so dear
First ruler of the land?

Ring out! ring out a merry peal
That patriotic men may feel
How wrong it is to sleep
While wolves invade the pasture fold
And of the little lambs take hold
While they no vigil keep.

Ring out glad bells! ring clear and strong
That every foe who means us wrong
May timely warning take;
Washington's memory cannot die,
His country's flag still waves on high,
The brave are wide awake.

Oh! may the heroes' mantle fall
Upon his children, one and all,
Until our land is free
From every vile oppressive foe
That would our liberty lay low
And spoil our fair country.

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THE GOLDEN ROD.

O, Golden Rod! wild Golden Rod,
That roams on dale and down;
Unused to rules of fashion,
Untaught in laws of town.
Do you know how much I love you,
In your beauty wild and free?
Or do you smile on everyone,
As you have smiled on me?

O, Golden Rod! sweet Golden Rod!
Pray tell me if you care;
That you hold my heart entangled,
Within your golden hair?
Disown your low-born kindred,
And be my very own,
And reign in royal splendor,
Upon a nation's throne.

Then, proudly answered Golden Rod:
"Sir Knight, I cannot go,
My mission is God-given,
For I am His, you know.
He placed me by the wayside,
To smile upon the poor,
And help the heavy-laden rich,
Life's burden to endure.

"I go into the sanctuary,
In my quiet, simple dress;
Where rich and poor behold me
With gracious tenderness.

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I tell them the sweet story
That never can grow stale;
About the Rose of Sharon,
And Lily of the Vale.

"I cannot be exclusive,
I want to live for all;
And pomp of courts might lure me
From innocence to fall.
And these would sorely miss me—
My neighbors, kind and true;
The poor have got so little,
They make the more ado.

"And one, dear, sturdy Scotchman,
Who lives across the way;
For me has pleasant greeting,
And tender words to say.
Though roughly dressed, in homespun,
His heart is true as steel,
And well I know he loves me,
And love can all wounds heal.

"Sir Knight, a statelier flower,
Best suits your halls of pride;
A daughter of the people,
Should with her own abide;
Since, 'tis not wealth or splendor,
That satisfy the heart;
We can exalt each station,
By acting well our part."

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ERIE CENTENNIAL POEM.

Fair city by the waters,
  Accept the homage due
Thee from thy sons and daughters,
  Who, with devotion true,
Would celebrate with gladness
  Thy proud centennial day,
Dispelling gloom and sadness
  From sweet Lake Erie Bay.

Green city by the waters,
  Thou art a queen by right,
In whom thy loyal subjects
  Take comfort and delight;
God prosper thee forever,
  Dear city by the bay,
And may the all-wise Giver
  Be bountiful to-day,

And smile with benediction
  Upon thy jewels fine,
'Mid which thy happy children
  Pre-eminently shine,
Bright gems within thy coronet
  Of unsurpassing worth,
While joyfully they hail thee,
  The city of their birth.

Till thy churches gleam like pearls
  Upon the classic head,
And from the big red schoolhouse
  Our country's colors spread,

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Proclaiming to the nations
That Erie stands for right,
And wisely guards her birthright
Of jewels rich and bright.

Within thy gates, grand city,
The stranger finds employ,
And he who craved for pity
Is crowned with hope and joy.
Shine on! shine on, Gem City!
To-day let there be light
Reflected from one hundred lamps
Replenished, trimmed and bright,

That from each lordly spire
And institution grand,
In characters of fire
Our country's watchwords stand;
Till virtue and equality
Diffuse our spirits through,
And God's own love presides above
The things we say and do.

For righteousness exalteth
Unto the hills of God,
The city of our fathers
Who sleep beneath the sod.
God grant us Christian brotherhood
On this centennial day,
And may the light of life illume
Our city by the bay.

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JUNE.

June is the month of roses,
The fairest of the year,
Its luring light reposes
On beauty everywhere;
Beside the hedge rows peeping
Wild flowers glance around
A timid vigil keeping,
Upon the garden ground.

Like outcasts, they aspire
To elegance and grace.
If God had placed them higher
And given them the place
Of roses in the garden,
Or lilies in the field,
They would delight their warden
By beauty and rich yield.

Dear little wayside flower,
Dear soul on the low grade,
Not yours constructive power:
You are what you are made,
And each within its place is best,
For beauty and for worth.
Be just, and leave to God the rest,
The Author of your birth.

And being just as true and good,
Your beauty is divine;
You are of the grand brotherhood
That everywhere must shine.

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The violet by the wayside
  Is sister to the rose,
Although its modesty doth hide
  What its perfumes disclose.

Oh! Month of rose and violet
  Oh! Month of beauty rare,
Of fairy gems in emerald set—
  Wide scattered everywhere.
Teach us contentment in our lot
  Where'er that lot may be,
And grant the grace that fadeth not
  Through all Eternity.

LINES ON LOUGH MASK, IRELAND.

Lough Mask, thy beauties free and wild
Have soothed my soul and oft beguiled
  My thoughts from earthly care.
I love the rocks thy wavelets kiss,
Thy solitude is sweet. 'Twere bliss
  To dwell forever here.

I love to wander on thy shore.
Thy smiling calm, thy frowning roar,
  Alternately I've seen.
Have marked thy growing rage expand
Till shook with fear the trees that stand
  Around, like slaves, I ween.

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And must I leave thee, lovely spot?
And shall thy beauties be forgot?
  Shall no admiring eye
Record thy charms in glowing rhyme
Or paint thy loveliness sublime,—
  Thy modest grace descry?

Strangers may wander on thy shore,
Exclaim, "How lovely," nothing more,
  And wander gayly on;
While the loved ones I leave behind
To thee shall off recall my mind
  When I am sad and lone.

Farewell! farewell, enchanted spot,
Adieu loved ones, since 'tis my lot
  To tread life's shady side;
I'll bear this picture true and kind
Of dearest friends I leave behind,
  By Lough Mask's changing tide.

And hope when time shall be no more
Upon a brighter, happier shore
  My absent ones and I,
May meet, in happiness again,
And never feel the parting pain,
  Where God all tears doth dry.

And, maybe, from that heaven afar
Beyond the brightest, highest star
  We may look down from bliss,
Upon Lough Mask's wild beauties fair
Exclaiming fondly, "not e'en here,
  Is fairer scene than this."

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DECORATION DAY.

Sweet eyes, that look no more in mine,
To-day, behold the Face Divine,
  And intercede for me;
That I may too thy calm rest share,
Devoid of every earthly care,
That troubles transient-dwellers here,
  With deep anxiety.

Sweet lips, forever sealed as though
To guard the secrets none may know,
  I would breast Jordan's wave
To kiss them, only once again,
Beyond this atmosphere of pain,
Where Love and Loyalty are vain
  To battle with the grave.

Dear folded hands, so lily white,
That wrought for me some new delight
  Each day throughout the year.
How much I miss their touches kind,
That did my wounded spirit bind,
And for my grief sweet solace find
  And gently dry each tear.

Dear light of life, forever fled,
How can I live since thou art dead,
  My precious one, so wise?
To-day I bow my head, and think
I see beyond the grave's sad brink
A gleam of Love's unbroken link,
  Anchored in Paradise,

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And formed of flowers pure and white
That angels move on with delight,
  Moving their earthward way.
My darling, can you not come too,
And touch me, as you used to do,
Leading me gently on with you
  Into the Light of Day?

EQUAL RIGHTS.

Go out to the highways and gather them in,
Frail children of sorrow, of shame and of sin,
They are easily found in the slums of the town—
Go out; it is easy to run the poor down.

Build them places of refuge, but never a home,
They have left that behind them whatever may come.
Left father and mother, left sister and friend
For some black-hearted villain who swore to defend.

He led them astray in their beauty and bloom,
Till the wages of sin paved the road to the tomb;
Can men stoop to this who have mothers and wives,
And sisters all leading respectable lives?

Go, first, where society glitters and glares—
To our churches and club rooms, our markets and fairs,
Seek out the vile monsters, tear off their disguise,
And teach our maidens the way to be wise

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Reform the homes, make them decent and clean;
Admonish all parents to shun what is mean,
Let landlords who thrive upon shame and disgrace,
Go kneel in the dust and in fear hide each face.

Away with your houses of refuge from sin!
Let the light of God's Gospel, with healing pour in,
To show the oppressors of those who are poor,
The wrongs that their victims must often endure.

Let the children of sorrow, of want and of care,
Enjoy the bright world, created so fair;
God's merciful love is a fathomless store,
He pardons transgression; but "Go sin no more."

Of if you must gather the vile in one den,
Begin with society women and men;
Weed out the vile vipers that desecrate home,
And pity poor maidens lured on to their doom.

Let men to God's altar lead beauty and youth,
To build happy homes on the framework of truth,
That our sons and our daughters like cedars may grow;
For a nation must reap as a nation doth sow.

'Tis the union of honesty, purity, worth,
That form the fairest ideals on earth,
And since love is cement to bind all into one,
Let us live in God's light and be pure as the sun.

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"THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF THE BIRDS IS COME."

To-day I heard a robin sing
A song of welcome to the spring
That made me glad.
Past were the winter's cold and gloom;
The stone was rolled back from the tomb
Where I knelt sad.

Pale flowerets smiling at my feet
Spoke to me low, in accents sweet—
"We bide our day.
Some brightness cheers the lot of all,
When He who marks the sparrow's fall
Smiles care away."

The peach-tree basking in fair noon
Lisped timidly, "Trust not too soon,
For hope deferred
Brings blighting anguish when in vain
We writhe in misery and pain—
Our prayer unheard."

Yet still, the robin sang a gay,
Melodious song, across the way,
So clear and sweet:
"Hope on! hope on!" it seemed to plead;
"Fear not while Providence doth lead
Homeward thy feet."

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"Ah me!" I thought, "could mortals wait
In patient hope at mercy's gate,
How rich the boon—
Awaiting all in God's good time
When dawns eternal spring sublime
O'er sorrows flown."

Then my glad heart sent forth this cry,
"Lord, let thy love in me not die
In time's dread chill;
But still attune my soul to praise
Thy name through bright or gloomy days,
For good and ill."

WAR—1915.

"The war is on," the people say—
To think it comes in our day!
To make such mighty rattle.
If I were only twenty-one
You bet I'd bear a sword and gun
Into the thick of battle!

But mother, she has begged me so;
I cannot break her heart and go,
Although Mars keeps on calling:
"Come, be a soldier brave and true,
Your country's honor calls for you
Though mother's tears are falling."

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My father spoke to this effect:
"You cannot your own course elect,
And war is so uncertain!
I fought the Spanish war, you know,
And understand how matters go,
Behind the army curtain.

"Now, hear from Dad a thing or two:
The Mexicans don't bother you,
If you let them alone.
We robbed them of their native land
And made them feel our heavy hand,
And War makes poor atone.

"Poor, starved, half-naked and oppressed,
Their wrongs should, rather, be redressed
Than aggravated still;
What can the slave of Power do
Hear and obey the favored few
Or die, just as they will!

"My son, war is a fearful thing;
'Tis death and hell upon the wing,
Pestilence in the wake.
How small a matter brings it on!
'Salute the flag,' it must be done,
'Tis war and no mistake.

" 'Salute the Cross.' Let all bow down.
The Prince of Peace claims first renown,
Let little insults go.
The Stars and Stripes can well afford
To yield to Christ, risen Lord,
Till peace and plenty flow."

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CLOTILDE'S CHRISTMAS

A LEGEND OF RUSSIA

It was Christmas in Odessa,
With its glitter and its glare.
There were sounds of joyous greetings
Borne on the frosty air.
Wealthy homes ablaze with splendor,
Hung green garlands o'er the door;
And the echoes of the season
Reached the hovels of the poor.

In a dreary little cabin,
Where the rush light burned low
On a rickety old table,
Clotilde Lyngolff sat to sew.
O'er the table hung a picture—
Christ Child, manger, ox and stall—
Before which the maiden's brother
Prayed, "Our Father bless us all."

"Good-night, sister, angels guard thee,"
And he kissed her pallid brow.
"Put away that weary sewing—
It is almost morning now."
But he knew not, idle dreamer,
As he sought his little bed,
That the garment must be finished,
To procure him daily bread.

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When alone, Clotilde looked upward
To the picture on the wall;
Sacred picture, with a legend,
She endeavored to recall.
Long she pondered, till the Christ Child
Radiant, wondrous to behold,
Stood erect and pointed downward
To a glittering heap of gold.

When the morning shadows flitted
O'er the poor care-worn face,
They were very loth to linger
In so desolate a place;
They would wake the Christmas morning
In gay halls of pomp and pride,
And in gloom and desolation,
Leave the poor for whom Christ died.

"Wake up, sister, it is morning!
Hark! the Christmas bells ring clear!
I will wear my sealskin turban,
Father's gift to me last year.
We will walk to church together
In the blessed morning light."
Peter Lyngolff shuddering started,
Was it Death that met his sight?

Then a sudden frenzy seized him
And he cried, "O Christ our King,
Why allow the good and faithful
To endure such suffering?

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Father exiled in Siberia,
  Mother dead from want and woe,
Clotilde starved—my angel sister—
  And I—whither shall I go?"

Here he dashed the sacred picture
  Down upon the cabin floor,
And the noise awoke the maiden,
  To behold its golden store
Scattered round, with lavish bounty
  Even to her very feet,
While the boy, o'ercome with wonder,
  Sank into the nearest seat.

For a secret panel opened
  That had hitherto been barred.
Not a bit of glass was broken,
  Not a line of beauty marred.
Search revealed a faded paper
  Very difficult to read:
"For the heirs of Jago Lyngolff
  In their hour of sorest need."

"It is Christmas morning, sister,"
  Peter said with tearful eyes;
"Grandfather now up in heaven
  Planned for us this great surprise.
Let us keep the feast, with gladness,
  While the yule log burns bright,
And replace the sacred picture
  Of the Christ, who reigns by right."

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PARNELL.

A gloomy cloud has settled
  Over sunny Avondale,
For the honest peasants mourn
  O'er the unexpected tale:
"Dieu lin! Dieu lin, Mavourneen!"
  They wail in accents low,
While down wan cheeks, in torrents,
  The tears of anguish flow.

Wailing and lamentation
  Prevail on every hand,
For the greatest leader ever known
  To fated Ireland.
Her uncrowned king is dead—
  Unconscious of her cause,
Who spent himself and all he owned
  To frame her better laws.

"A Wirah stroua, Mavourneen!"
  They wail in bitter grief.
The loyal heart of Ireland
  Must break or find relief.
A star of the first magnitude
  Has fallen from its sphere,
And Erin's sky is shrouded
  In gloomy, dark despair.

Could Death, forever ruthless,
  Have found no other mark,
For this cruel, fated arrow,
  Shot blindly in the dark?

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Were there not tens of thousands,
  Brave Irish hearts and true,
Who would gladly die, that Parnell
  Might push his conquests through?

"How are the mighty fallen!"
  They say in lordly hall,
While a gloomy, sad foreboding
  Is felt by great and small.
But a true and honest sorrow
  Dwells in the hovels poor,
Where the bleak October tempest
  Howls through each shattered door.

And little squalid children
  Flock to their mother's knee,
To hear of him, whom they had hoped
  Would set their country free.
"Ochone a lannah! a lannah!
  Great Parnell is no more;
Our hopes are set in darkest night,
  He is dead, a villah sthore!"

Weep on, oppressèd people,
  Since weeping is your lot;
By retributive justice
  Your cause is not forgot.
Some other mighty leader
  May at your helm soon stand;
But the stranded craft of Erin
  Moves slow to stranger hand.

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ABOUT HEAVEN.

I did not think much about heaven
When Ethel sat with me
On the sunny brow of Glenallah,
O'erlooking the blue sea;
Sweet innocence enshrined her
Like vestal robes of white,
Her presence made my heaven
All beautiful and bright.

Sweet was the lovelight in her eyes,
And pure as heaven's blue,
Revealing such a noble soul,
Affectionate and true.
The calm sea like a sheet of glass
Reflected heaven above;
That day her fondly whispered, "Yes"
Responded to my love.

Her little foot beat nervously
The daisy-spangled ward,
Her white hand trembled within mine,
Like a coy woodland bird,
When half in sorrow, half in joy,
She spoke these words to me:
"In God's fadeless bright forever
'There shall be no more sea.'"

* * * * *

They brought me my darling dead—
Drowned in Glenallah Bay—
The golden glory of her head
Dripping with angry spray.

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The light from her eyes had vanished,
Her little hand lay still;
May God forget a prayer I said
Beneath Glenallah Hill!

O the green, angry ocean,
How I did hate its roar,
As it moaned and tossed its billows
Against the rock-bound shore,
No tears relieved my anguish
Till her words came back to me:
"In God's fadeless bright forever
'There shall be no more sea.'"

Now I often think of heaven,
With its many mansions fair,
Because she is watching and waiting
Until I join her there
By the calm and beautiful river,
Where trees of healing grow
In God's fadeless bright forever,
Beyond time's ebb and flow.

Yet somehow my fancy pictures
A smiling, calm blue sea,
With Ethel sitting beside me,
Where death can never be;
When I read of the "sea of glass"
I think of Glenallah Bay,
As it slept in tranquil beauty
One glad, bright summer day.

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THANKSGIVING: A TRUE STORY.

It was the eve of Thanksgiving,
The scene was in the East,
Where frost and snow lay everywhere
To emphasize the feast;
And over all a rain-storm,
With thunder-sounding dread,
Like Gabriel's final trumpet
That wakens up the dead.

Upon a lone, bleak mountain
A woman barred the door,
Then lay her three small children
Down flat upon the floor;
For lightning flashed like fury
Around them everywhere.
She prayed aloud: "God help us
All, in His loving care!"

Their father, her protector,
Lay drunk in a saloon,
Away down in the city,
Since early yester noon.
There is no food. He went to buy
Some good things for the day
The nation calls Thanksgiving,
When to the Lord they pray.

"My head is aching, mother,"
The youngest baby said;
"I think I must be hungry,
And want a piece of bread."

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The other two complained not,
But moaned as if in pain;
They both were red as lobsters,
The mother's skill was vain!

The storm abated somewhat;
She put the babes to bed
And started for the doctor
Who lived three miles ahead.
He quarantined the little home—
'Twas scarlet fever, sure.
God pity the poor mother
And help her to endure!

He did. The neighbors far and wide
Came flocking to her aid,
With turkey, bread, mince pie and cake
That in the shed they laid.
She spread her table thankfully,
Her voice arose in prayer:
"Almighty Father, bless the friends
Who of Thy poor take care!"

A timid knock came to the door,
A tramp came seeking bread.
She sent him to the woodshed,
Where he was amply fed.
'Tis thus the loaves and fishes
Are ever multiplied
For His dear sake who gave Himself—
The Just One, Crucified.

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THE CIVIC CLUB BANQUET.

Hurrah! Hurrah for the Civic Club
And its members good and true!
And hurrah for their royal banquet
That cheers us through and through!
They light the torch of progress
And advertise our land—
Its orange groves, its fertile plains,
Its mountains wild and grand.

Three cheers for California,
And San Luis Obispo!
The sweetest, dearest home nest
You find where'er you go,
Blooming with vernal beauty
The live long year around.
Take off your shoes and worship,
For this is holy ground.

Where buried gold and wealth untold
Await the toiler's hand,
Not the man with the hoe of long ago,
But the athlete strong and grand—
Our Polytechnic product
Of independent mien;
Lord of himself—a king and priest
In Labor's vast domain.

Here there is bread and work for all
With honest heart and brain;
Rich, fertile lands to cultivate
With mellow fruits and grain.

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Life is worth while, beneath the sky
  Of this progressive State,
Where duty is a pleasure
  And Virtue maketh great.

Dear sisters of the Civic Club
  Look toward the east to see
A dawning opportunity
  For Native Industry;
Your shells convert to buttons,
  Your seaweed into kelp—
Build factories along the coast
  To yield the stranger help.

Agitate and agitate!
  For street-cars here and there;
We get too stiff with walking
  And can afford the fare.
Those who have got the money
  Will aid you in each plan
You form for the betterment
  Of every living man.

From every wind of heaven,
  Strangers are blown this way;
It rests with you—it rests with all
  If they have come to stay
Where they may give their children
  A golden chance to see
The wonders of Eternal Love
  Crowning Humanity.

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A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

An old man, sad and weary,
Sat in the Yule log's glow,
Recalling in dim vision
The scenes of long ago.
He sees a boy reclining
On pillows soft and white,
Watching for good old Santa Claus
Throughout the live-long night.

But in the early dawning
He fell asleep at last,
Just at the very moment
Santa flitted past;
For there hung his big stocking
Full of delightful things.
"Hurrah," he shouts, "for Christmas,
And the good cheer it brings."

Upon the homestead threshold
He sees his mother stand;
Her parting tears are falling
Upon his clinging hand.
"God bless my boy," she sobbed aloud;
"From sorrow, sin and shame,
May he be ever shielded
In the Redeemer's Name."

And in life's hottest conflict,
Through good report and ill,
He heard that tender pleading,
Guiding his wayward will.

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Ah! mother's love enduring,
Christ-like, unto the end,
A nation's sacred incense
That from home nests ascend.

The scene is changed. A lady fair,
Bearing the wand of love,
Of noble, queenly bearing,
Yet gentle as a dove,
He woos and wins, and proudly
Bears his young bride away—
A wife, from God's own altar,
One happy Christmas Day.

"Dead! Twenty years, this Yule-tide,"
He murmurs with a groan,
"She left me baby Alice.
I am not all alone.
Yonder, with her lover
Under the mistletoe,
She talks of getting married,
And leaving me, I know."

Then o'er the dying embers,
The old man bending low,
Prayed heaven to guard his little one
And shield her from all woe.
They celebrated Christmas,
Not dreaming of the tears
That fell beside the Yule log
O'er memories of past years.

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LET THERE BE LIGHT.

(The London churches turn down the light to conciliate the poor.)

Turn down the light, the poor are here;
Lest the flash of your diamonds, rich and rare,
Should turn to a curse the pauper's prayer.

Turn down the lights: the widow's weeds
Are shabby, and tell of her daily needs,
Louder than prayers and chants and creeds.

A soldier brave bore her heart away
To Africa, one bright May day;
For his soul's repose she comes to pray.

Her face is pale from want and woe,
Her eyes are dim and her step is slow,
Once on a time it was not so.

Alack! for your diamonds, O ladies fair,
They are baubles in view of her grand despair;
While God is listening to her prayer.

Turn down the lights: a chieftain brave
Appeals to omniscience his life to save,
From exile or from a felon's grave.

He did no wrong his soul to stain,
He defended the weak and would again,
Hanged or imprisoned, his deeds remain.

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A proud reproof to England's wrong,
For retributive justice is true and strong;
And the hero lives in his country's song.

Turn down the lights: There are sins untold,
Hidden away in cathedrals old;
Where spoils of office are bought and sold.

Turn up the lights, on your ladies proud,
Ere the pauper's rags become their shroud.
Hark! Hark pale justice is calling loud.

"Let there be light," Jehovah calls,
In church, in state and lobby halls,
To read the handwriting on the walls.

MY BEST VALENTINE, A. W. SHURRAGAR, JR.

Arthur Welesley Junior,
  You captivate my heart;
I am the love-lorn victim
  Of Cupid's cruel dart.
Your eyes have wooed and won me;
  Your smile, like sunshine, cheers
My very soul to ecstasy,
  Checkered by hopes and fears.

For dearest love, we cannot tell,
  As seers and prophets do
The things the future must unfold
  To Valentines, like you.

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But this is still a comfort:
  Unto our Father's care
I can entrust my darling
  In loving, heartfelt prayer.

Ah me! Ah me! My precious one,
  I'm jealous to the core,
Lest any evil thing befall
  My loved one evermore.
May God Almighty shield him
  Within omniscient care,
Leading him gently by the hand,
  Then there is naught to fear.

Arthur, little sweetheart,
  My very light of love,
My precious, priceless Valentine,
  All gold and gems, above.
Now nestle closely to my heart
  And kiss my cheek and brow,
And vow that in the coming years
  You'll love me, just as now.

Not two years old, you little elf,
  You charm all you meet!
To lay their loving homage
  Down at your baby feet.
I fear you only say, "Goo! Goo!"
  Your grandma's eyes to blind,
To all the flirting you can do
  Her doting back behind.

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EASTER DAWN.

The glorious dawn of Easter
  Is waking up the East,
Inspiring us with gladness
  That we may keep the feast;
Casting aside the garments
  Of sordid, base desire,
Until our hearts are warmed
  By Faith's own holy fire.

Earth's manhood has been sleeping
  Within the silent tomb,
Strong guards have long been keeping
  Their watch through years of gloom.
The angel has descended
  And rolled the stone away,
And folded up the grave clothes
  For resurrection day.

The guards are falling dead around
  The dawning in the East,
For God's own angel spreadeth
  The resurrection feast.
Awake, O earth, and banish
  Death's sleep from out thine eye,
That in the dawn of Easter
  The sin and shame may die.

Till down falls that tall giant,
  A guard both fierce and strong,
Whose cruel eye hath gloated
  On misery so long;

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For, dazzled by the dawning,
  Grim War lays down his sword
And kneels in adoration
  Before the risen Lord.

And grinding, grim monopoly
  Awakes and rubs its eye.
Above the tomb 'tis written,
  "The soul that sins must die"—
That sins against humanity
  And wrongs the weak and poor,
Another guard is smitten dead
  Before the open door.

Then came a tall, fierce giant strong,
  The tomb of Christ to guard,
And promised gold in plenty
  As vigilance's reward;
But Mammon fell as dead before
  The dawning Easter light,
And God's own precious Son arose
  In manhood's deathless might.

Hypocrisy next fell away,
  With canting Doubt and Fear,
For in the light of Easter day
  Men read things true and clear;
And then, becoming masters
  Of their own destiny,
They folded up the grave clothes
  On tombs of slavery.

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Then floated high the banner
Of universal love,
As tender as a mother's dream,
As gentle as a dove;
For God so loved the world
That His own Son He gave
To lead into the higher life
The tenants of the grave.

EASTER 1914.

The world is full of Easter bloom,
Hark! Angels sing above the tomb
Where we have laid our dead.
Above, beneath us and around,
Earth's many voices gladly sound:
"Mourner, why seek the dead
Among the living?" A joyous throng
Are moving, noiselessly along
The highway of the Lord;
Unnumbered hosts arrayed in white
Are moving ever, in the light,
Enjoying their reward.

God has a place, beyond the sun—
An Easter home for everyone,
With everything complete.
The tribulation all is past,
The Rest and Peace are found at last
Before the mercy seat;

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And here, perchance, they come at will,
God's blessed purpose to fulfill,
For loved ones left behind.
The Prophet saw an armèd host
Around him, when he needed most
Their ministration, kind.

'Tis thus the cloud of witness, strong,
Protects us, ever, from all wrong;
Although we may not see
The sword that strikes the deadly blow
Against our formidable foe,
To set us mortals free.
To keep the Easter feast, indeed,
According to the Christian's creed,
"In Him we live and move."
For Christ is risen from the dead,
Humanity's triumphant Head,
Who rules and reigns by Love.

If we be risen with the Lord,
Exceeding great is the reward
Of animated clay,
Who seek those things that are on high,
The precious things that never die
When earth shall pass away.
Live for humanity, and die
If need be for thy calling high;—
Your Easter's guiding Star.
Sing the new redemption song;
The desert march will seem less long
And Canaan's shore less far.

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RETROSPECTIVE.

I'm going home. I'm glad to go,
The journey has been long.
My footsteps now are very slow,
Once vigorous and strong.
Rest, sweet rest, and peace at last,
Safe in the promised land,
One little step across the stream
To reach the golden strand.

A little babe tossed by the tide
Upon an unknown coast
Into a mother's sheltering arms,
Where frailty counted most.
Before the dawn of reason's day
Awoke my slumbering soul,
My mother's love prepared the way
To the desired goal.

Across life's sultry desert way,
A maiden fair looks far
Into the Eden, smiling gay
With bloom, beyond hope's star.
In rosy hues she dimly saw
Enchanting love-lit bowers,
Wherein to live was Paradise
Created for young lovers.

She gained the Eden of her dreams—
The Promised Land of love.
Her childhood's home was left behind,
Her mother gone above.

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'Tis good to live and best to love,
'Tis sweet to hope and wait
For little baby kisses
Fresh from the Pearly Gate.

Some are married, some are dead;
My babes of long ago,
And he who loved the mother best
In yonder grave lies low.
Upon my heart, incased in gold,
A lock of raven hair
Is all that's left of Ronald now,
My lover, young and fair.

And looking back, I see it all,
And in my clouded brain
I darkly see, as in a glass,
Life's milestones o'er again.
My Ronald, aye, so kind and true,
My Ben and pretty Bess,
Were good and promising to view,
Whom all should love and bless.

And now I'm old, and all alone
To wait the coming tide;
'Tis but a step, a little step
Unto the other side!
And the loved and lost are dearest,
The absent always best;
I long to lay my weary head
Again on Roland's breast,

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And hear once more the pattering feet
  Of little ones I laid
Beneath the blooming locust tree,
  In fragrant, balmy shade.
And yet I'm very lonely,
  To leave old Mother Earth,
She has been kind and good to me
  Since first God gave me birth.

IN LENT.

Lord Christ, I scarcely know the way;
  The drifts are deep, the night is cold,
But Thou wilt never let me stray,
  Good Shepherd of the lower fold.

The wind blows bleak, across the moor,
  O'er sleeping places of my dead,
And grief lies heavy at my door,
  Where offerings might rest instead.

With weeping sore mine eyes are dim,
  I cannot see the narrow way.
My only hope, I walk with Him
  Who will not suffer me to stray.

My Lord and Savior, lead me still
  Until I reach the upper fold;
I yield submission to Thy will
  However dark the night and cold.

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THANKSGIVING, 1911.

America, thy voice attune
To psalm of highest praise,
For all the mercies of the past
And hopes of future days.
Thou art the first of nations
The blessed sun smiles on,
The Lord of Hosts, alone, thy king,
Through conquests nobly won.

America! America!
Thy stars and stripes should be
A token betwixt man and man
Of Truth and Equity!
Hold fast thy blood-bought heritage,
That vice and wrong may flee
Before thy honored, stainless flag—
The standard of the free!

The cursed thing now in thy midst
Spreads o'er the nation, wide.
The wealthy have made golden calves
To worship in their pride.
The coffers of the land o'erflow
With gold; yet, hark; the tears and groans
Of toiling millions doubly taxed
For pomp, that rivals thrones!

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The trusts have cornered meat and oil
  Till orphans wail for bread,
And widows knead their little cake
  And wish that they were dead!
"They've raised our taxes, too," they cry;
  "Few can afford to pay
For a bit of chicken dinner
  On this Thanksgiving Day!

"The beef trusts raise the price of meat,
  We cannot buy a bone,
And fish is nothing better,
  We must let both alone."
"Let charity," quoth Uncle Sam,
  "O'er all this land hold sway,
That rich and poor together
  Observe Thanksgiving Day."

Dear Uncle, it is kindly meant,
  But hold the flag full high,
And let it warn your grafters
  The honest poor would die
Before accepting money,
  Or food or clothes, or aught
By which their fellow creatures
  Are robbed, or sold, or bought!

Behold! Within your sanctuary
  A poor man stands alone,
A saintly halo crowns His brow—
  He came unto His own.

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But all exclaim, "Not this man,
Away with Him, away!
We want but Egypt's flesh-pots
On this Thanksgiving Day."

Methinks, the Man of Sorrows pleads:
"Eternity is long.
Man cannot live by bread alone,
Death takes the rich and strong.
My lambs on the bleak mountains
Perish with want and cold.
Ye rich men and monopolists,
Life is much more than gold!"

Then Uncle Sam unfurled the flag
With patriotic pride,
Saying, I thank the Lord, now women vote,
Wrong shall be put aside.
The glorious dawn of righteousness
Ushers the golden day
When peace, joy and prosperity
Shall crown Thanksgiving Day.

And when the single tax is here,
The masses now crushed down
Shall seek no alms at rich men's gates
In country or in town.
But in the meantime thanks are due
To God for gifts untold;
For simple, daily blessings
Outweigh the calf of gold.

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GOD'S TOUCH.

(From the German.)

There was once a master builder
  Who toiled on year after year,
On one instrument of music
  Lavishing his thought and care;
Till within the organ's chambers
  His soul lodged in some strange way:
Only for the true and faithful
  Did this organ ever play.

For the instrument completed
  Was a miracle of art,
Playing by Divine suggestion
  Only to the pure in heart.
It was marvelous and unique,
  Ne'er before was any such.
Multitudes came far to see it,
  And they praised its builder much.

His demeanor still was humble,
  Never boastful, never proud.
"It is God," he said, "who does it,"
  And his speech well pleased the crowd.
So they lauded the great Builder,
  Till his fame spread far and wide,
And he won the fairest lady
  In the land to be his bride.

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On his wedding day, elated,
He thought of the music grand
That his wonderful creation
Should peal forth, at his command;
Thought of all the pomp and glory
Till his heart gave place to pride,
And he thought more of his triumphs
Than the lady by his side.

He saw nothing but the organ,
His great masterpiece of art,
Forgetful of the priceless treasure
Of a young and guileless heart.
Not one prayer from him ascended
To the throne of God that day.
All his thoughts were of the organ
And the music it would play.

When the bridal party entered,
Bright and joyous as the day,
Not one note came from the organ
When he signaled it to play!
From the chancel gazed the Builder
On his silent work of Art,
Disappointment on his features,
Evil passions in his heart.

"She is false!" he thundered fiercely,
"Or my organ would have played,"
And he left the bridal party
At the altar, sore dismayed.
Then the young bride, in her beauty,
Doubly widowed, died at heart.
But it was not all the doing
Of the Builder's work of art.

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Years rolled on. She slowly faded.
To her maid she said one day,
"Bring my wedding dress, I'll wear it
On the journey far away."
And upon her wasted finger
She replaced the wedding ring.
Thus she passed within the portal
Of the Palace of the King.

As they bore the coffin, slowly,
Past the organ, up the aisle,
Came a stranger and stood near it,
Weeping sadly all the while.
Then he spoke unto the people
In a voice 'twixt sob and cry:
"I am the poor organ Builder;
I have come, with her to die."

Then upon the congregation
Fell such music as was ne'er
This side of the gate of heaven
Listened to by mortal ear.
"She was true. You both have suffered,
Now kind heaven takes you in.
Truth and Love are both eternal;
In your pride lay all the sin."

Side by side they laid the lovers,
Harps of lilies in their hands,
For the undertones of music
The Creator understands.
But the Builder's wondrous organ
Never uttered note again,
But within the hearts of many
Linger still its last refrain.

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HALLOW-EVE.

I sit beside the embers,
  Where shadows come and go.
It is the twilight hour,
  The sun is sinking low.
I feel both sad and weary
  With the burdens of the day;
For the weight of years is heavy
  When youth has passed away.

With head at rest upon my arm,
  I gave my fancy fling,
For it was Hallowe'en, when all
  The unseen spirits sing.
With all the hosts of heaven
  Swelling the chorus grand,
I heard the heavenly music
  But failed to understand

Until I saw them flocking
  Around the dark'ning room.
Then I heard and looked, in wonder,
  For my loved ones too had come.
The joy of it oppressed me
  When I heard my favorite song
About the New Jerusalem,
  I had not heard so long.

Not since my little Annie
  Sang it last to me,
And played it on the violin—
  Well, maybe you can see?

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And she came up still singing
And touched my tears away;
"Mother!" she said, so softly,
"To-morrow is 'All Saints Day!'"

And patter, patter, o'er the floor,
My little two-year-old
Came toddling to my arms,
His hands and feet so cold.
I tucked him snug and warm
And clasped him to my breast,
But when I kissed my baby
He vanished with the rest.

A STRANGE VALENTINE.

Dear love of mine, this Valentine
Expressly framed for you,
Has got no tinsel trappings
To captivate the view;
And yet methinks its language
More redolent with love
Than garlands of June roses
Or cooing of the dove.

In thought, I see you ponder
The meaning of its lore,
Which is, that love worth having
Is love for evermore.
No flitting, fading emblem
Could represent to you
What can but be interpreted
By something strong and true.

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To win you for my Valentine,
Out of the vaulted blue
I would of twinkling little stars
Make coronets for you.
I'd dive the deepest ocean
To find the gems most rare,
And with love's fond emotion
Entwine them in your hair.

I would do more. This wondrous age,
With all its pomp and pride
Should bow with loyal homage
Before my chosen bride.
For I, her king, would sweetly sing
Her beauty and her worth
Until her fame resounded,
With glory o'er the earth.

But much of this is fancy, dear,
Though some of it is truth,
For romance paints in gorgeous hues
The sweet day-dreams of youth.
Perchance a sad to-morrow,
Along the unknown way
May cast a cloud of sorrow
On bright hopes of to-day.

Pale roses, then, and violets,
Might tell the tale more true,
But, dearest love, this Valentine
I cannot well undo.
As fittest emblem of your worth,
And of the love I feel,
I send you, set in precious stones,
A heart of truest steel.

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THE LURE OF AUTUMN.

It is not fortune's fickle smile
  That fills my soul with bliss,
It is not wealth that can beguile
  Life's misery like this;
The magic born of earth and sky
  Lure on to joys that never die.

Painting in colors rich and rare
  The landscape far and wide,
Green, gold and amber smiling fair,
  Decay and death to hide.
Athwart the lawn are dying beds
  On which kind Autumn, beauty sheds.

"My days are in the yellow sere,"
  Sang out a poet, long ago,
What is there in this thought to fear?
  Whether death come fast or slow.
The buds are on the tree that shed
  The sere leaves on the violet's bed.

The sun smiles warmly and gay—
  A golden glow spreads o'er the west,
The green hills beckon far away
  To Eden bowers of rest.
What is it mortals have to fear
  When mellow Autumn draweth near?

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It is the glory of the year,
This harvest time of richest store,
When full and plenty banish care
And spread a feast before the poor,
Whispering "Spring will come again,
And joy eternal banish pain."

LABOR DAY, 1913.

Clear the track, you idle drones
That neither toil nor spin!
Let the sons of toil march on to-day
The world's applause to win.
We push and we groan,
Till the work is done;
Then another task begin.

Our hands are hard as the clay we mold,
Our limbs are too weary to move,
But we toil along day in, day out
For the sake of those we love.
The sweat runs down our faces grim
While we tune our hearts to the toiler's hymn
In appeal to God above:—

Labor is sweet for Christ has toiled;
He trod Life's toilsome way,
And no matter how our hands are soiled
We can raise them to Him and pray
For the rest that comes, when work is done,
And the peace at setting of the sun,
In green fields far away.

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Clear the track! Your gems and gold,
Your stretches of fertile land,
Your houses filled with toys untold,
Your blue blood and titles grand.
Get out of our way, with your fraud and sham
You steal the wool of the shorn lamb
And Justice and truth withstand.

Make room on God's earth so green and fair,
For children weak and small
Who perish for want of food and air
In tenements close and tall;
They scarcely know when the light of day
Kisses the dewdrops far away,
Or the lark's "good morning" call.

Father of Light, life is too short
And the road to its end so hard!
Why should men try to grasp too much,
But lose the great reward?
The fool, who built his barns high,
Was called of God that day to die,
And, believe me, he found it hard.

How long? O, Lord of Hosts, how long
Shall unrighteousness and wrong
Retard the world's progress
As the toilers march along?
To-day, in accents bold they proclaim
"To hunter and toiler belong the game,
While plunder belongs to none."

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THE BALLOT, 1910.

Indeed it is a time of fear
And trembling, when the billows near,
  Our ship of state to sink.
Jehovah, calm the surging sea,
Until in calm security
  We reach the haven's brink.

Why need we fear? In Thee we trust.
What craven gloats o'er piles of dust
  In this approaching fight?
For principles both true and tried
Our fathers voted, bled, and died
  Defenders of the Right.

Let blue and gray as one unite,
Breasting the wave, in manhood's might,
  For strong the noble cause;
And may the King of Nations hear
Our earnest and united prayer
  For just and equal laws.

America, first Queen of earth,
Asserts her claim to royal birth,
  Fresh from Jehovah's hand;
Each voter is a priest and king
By right Divine, with power to bring
  Forth bread for all this land.

Then freeborn sons, of royal birth,
Defend this fairest land on earth
  From tyranny and wrong;

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Flock to the standard of the free
And strike down fraud and bribery
With steady aim and strong.

The land and gold are but a trust,
Which we, as stewards one day must
Yield up at Death's command.
Then let us in God's name be clean,
From subterfuge and all things mean,
Worthy our birthright grand.

LONGINGS, 1912.

Oh! for a breath of the breezy hills
O'ershadowing Dublin Bay!
Where dewy nectar the wild rose fills,
That blooms and blushes by rippling rills,
And smiles through the livelong day.

And oh! for a fairy boat to take
Me over the waters blue
Of beautiful Killarney Lake,
Where wild birds chanted in sylvan brake
A thrilling last adieu

As I left the cottage, ivy grown,
Near the old oak by the well,
From which the nestlings all have flown;
Now rank wild weeds their seeds have sown
Round the dear old house in the dell.

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I sigh for the dance of the harvest home,
When youths and maidens fair,
Frolicking, rollicking, hastened to come,
And the gossip's tongue for a time was dumb,
For all hearts were free from care.

I sigh! I die! in the stranger's land,
No matter how fair it be;
For I cannot grasp the alien's hand
And frame fair speeches at command
Expressive of loyalty.

King Christmas marches down the line
With royal gifts and music fine
That make my heart more sad
For the dear old scenes of long ago
And the dear old faces lying low
That made Christmas times so glad.

The world grows gray in the twilight dim
When the lights are turned low,
And we chant by the yule log the Christmas hymn
About the Star of Bethlehem
We learned so long ago.

But the past is gone beyond recall
And silent and sad is the manger stall
And tears unbidden flow;
For the ghosts that haunt us come at will
Our cup of memory to fill—
And temper each joy with woe.

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MY VALENTINE.

My Valentine is young and fair,
The sunbeams linger in her hair,
  As loving to caress her.
Her eyes are bits of heaven's blue,
Where little twinkling stars shine through.
  May God Almighty bless her!

The golden ringlets of her hair
Have formed a chain so soft and fair,
  Around my heart forever;
And when I kiss her dimpled chin
I breathe a prayer, my heart within
  That naught our love may sever.

"Gladys" is my sweetheart's name.
Already she is known to fame,
  In many a song and sonnet.
Her form is molded in true grace,
And O! the beauty of her face
  Framed in a dainty bonnet.

To hear her lisping words, so wise,
Revealing dreams of Paradise
  Ere sin had cursed the earth.
For hours she sits upon my knee,
Whispering mysteries to me
  Of Life and Death and Birth.

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In her companionship I find
A solace for a troubled mind.
  However great the pain,
She brings to every gloomy mood
Her balm of Gilead, tried and good,
  To make me well again.

She's only six years old, you see;
But fancy what my love will be
  When she is seventeen!
Will she be grandma's sweetheart then?
Or will the very best of men
  Step in as Go-between?

EVICTED—AN IRISH SCENE.

He stood where the children used to play,
  In the shady yard by the old oak tree—
He leaned on his staff and thus did pray:
  "Lord, in Thy mercy remember me,
I am nearly three-score years and ten,
  And life's sad day is well-nigh o'er.
If my soul rebels at the deeds of men,
  I need Thy pity, my Lord, the more.

"My young hands planted this giant oak;
  There, 'neath its shade is Molly's bower,
Where her golden curls I used to stroke
  Ere her young heart dreamed of another lover.

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Close by is the hawthorn in full bloom
My Johnny planted when five years old.
I laid some blossoms on his tomb;
Maybe he knows the farm is sold!

"My grandfather built of solid stones
That humble cot where I first drew breath;
In yonder churchyard they laid his bones
After he toiled himself to death.
Father died of fever while young,
Leaving the home to mother and me.
Then the thorns of care first stung
The hand that planted the old oak tree.

"I cannot help thinking that cot is mine,
Though the sale is legal, the people say;
But, ah me! the law draws a crooked line
When a man owes what he cannot pay.
But what does it matter, I'm old and sad,
And I pray kind heaven to take me in;
The Bible says there is rest to be had
And that Jesus died for all our sin."

Oh! An Irish sunset is fair to see,
With Castle Cloon in its mellow glow,
But a white dead face by the old oak tree
Is the saddest sight the earth can show.
Yet beyond the sunset are homes of light,
Mansions eternal of peace and love,
And the laws of that country are just and right,
For Christ is king in the Courts above.

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A POEM FOR THE CENTURY.

He paused when midway up the aisle
  And calmly gazed around,
While painted faces wore a smile,
  Although on holy ground,
Aimed at the face that knew no guile,
And never stooped to action vile,
  In heavenly beauty crowned.

His clothes were threadbare, on His face
  Sat holy thoughts; not proud—
Alas! for Him there was no place
  Amid that godless crowd,
Where empty pews, with ghostly stare,
Said tauntingly, "Reserved with care
  For dry bones, in their shroud."

The warden, pompous, fat and rude,
  Said, "Yonder by the door
Are special seats, when folks intrude
  Who are so very poor.
Look at his coat, his toil-stained hand;
Pray, make him clearly understand
  His place is at the door!"

A hireling, in the place of prayer
  Said roughly, "You come down
There by the door. We do not care
  To wait on every clown.
Our church is fashionable. You
Cannot afford to rent a pew,
  Therefore come quickly down."

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A glory not of earth o'erspread
The Stranger's face. His eye
A pleading glance to heaven sped
And then He heaved a sigh.
"This is my Father's house," He said;
"I came in search of heavenly bread
That none can eat, and die."

He walked into the nearest pew
Where knelt a little child
With upturned eyes of heavenly blue,
And modest air and mild,
And it was something strange and sweet
To see before the mercy seat
The two souls, undefiled.

He sang as if the choirs of heaven
For earth made holiday;
He prayed as if to Him was given
The universe to sway,
And in His mien there was a grace
That dignified the sacred place
As doth the sun the day.

"Come unto me," the pastor said,
"And I will give you rest."
The Stranger calmly raised His head
And that vast throng addressed
Before the pastor found a word.
He held the fashionable crowd,
And wooed them into rest.

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"Come unto me, you weary souls,
Who rest not day or night;
Before God's judgment o'er you rolls
In retributive might.
For you, to-day, have crucified
The Son of God, and have denied
Him room, within your sight.

"Come unto me, the Lamb of God,
Who died that you might live
And, poor and weary, life's road trod,
Eternal life to give.
To all who seek His heavenly face,
And find Him, in their hearts, a place
Wherein to work and live."

They knew the Master, when His hand
Was raised in pleading tone;
He wore that air of high command
That rests on Kings alone.
He was their New Year's guest of love
To woo their souls to things above
That they might share His throne.

They thronged around to worship Him
And kneel before His feet,
But in the singing of the hymn
He vanished from His seat;
While high o'er human voices came
Those thrilling words, as burning flame
Of inspiration sweet:

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"I am the Christ of Galilee,
The poor man's friend and brother;
You do the evil unto me
When you despise another,
A Christian is a man whose creed
Is sympathy with human need,
And Love ye one another."

INDEPENDENCE OF CUBA.

This is the first Independence Day
Poor Cuba ever knew.
Hurrah, boys! fire the rockets high
And hold a grand review.
'Tis better to die 'neath a foreign sky
Than live slaves, at home forever.
Sing o'er again, "Remember the Maine"
And the brave lads that came back never.

Hurrah for the flag with its stars and stripes
That floats over land and sea!
And Hurrah for fair Columbia,
The land of the brave and free,
The cradle of manhood strong and true,
Triumphant o'er toil and pain!
And Hurrah! Hurrah! for the soldier lads
Who never came back again!

They sleep full soundly far away;
Be still; not quite so loud!
They cannot share in your holiday
Who died without shrift or shroud.

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And some have died of famine,
More cruel than the sword,
While our garners teemed with plenty
And our coffers overpoured.

Boys, be still one moment, pray,
And hear this touching story
About a hero who went away
In search of fame and glory;
His mother knelt for him in prayer
Before their cottage door,
And his sweetheart sobbed, "I greatly fear
He will return no more."

He was a poor man's son, but brave
And rich in manly beauty;
He died his country's flag to save,
A martyr to his duty.
No marble slab tells where he lies,
Inscribed with his honored name;
There is no ado when a soldier dies,
The leaders reap all the fame.

They found above his lifeless heart
A little lock of hair,
And a letter from his mother
Commending to God's care
Her boy, "God guard you, Charlie;
The Glorious Fourth is here;
And we have placed your cannon
Just where they stood last year.

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"We have hung your silken banner
Above the window-sill,
But father looks careworn,
And the boys look graver still;
They say, 'Our Charlie will be home
When next the Fourth comes 'round;
He has grand fireworks to-day
In Cuba, I'll be bound.'"

Boys, go on and celebrate!
I cannot tell the rest—
About his sweetheart, you may guess it,
But silence here is best.
For this is a true story
That happened last July,
When our noble boys were fighting
To conquer or to die.

I cannot help conceiving
How happy we would be
If all the kingdoms of the earth
Lived on in harmony,
Holding on high the banner
The Prince of Peace has given,
Till every clime and country
Became an earthly heaven.

Each boy may be a hero
In peace as well as war,
And never let his banner
Of honor lose a star.
Fighting for truth and virtue,
In life's vast battle plain,
Till boys in blue and boys in gray
Shall Home return again.

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THE AMULET.

As the soldiers rode to battle,
  One lad reined up his steed,
To where a little maiden
  Stood wishing him "Godspeed."
She tried to speak, but sobs alone
  Greeted the soldier lad;
His fortitude called up a smile,
  Although his heart felt sad.

" 'Twill be a fearful battle, Lenn,
  And maybe—well, you see
Before it is all over
  'Twill be eternity.
But, darling, God is merciful;
  When shot and shell, like rain,
Are flying o'er the battlefield,
  Pray I return again."

She took the bit of ribbon
  That tied her golden hair
And pinned it to his coat-sleeve
  With tender, loving care.
"It is a small love-token,"
  She lisped 'twixt sob and sigh,
"Enough just to remind you
  Of Lenna's constancy."

At Gettysburg, the other day,
  A soldier rose, in camp,
And told this little story
  Till comrades' eyes grew damp

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When he held up that ribbon,
Of ragged, faded blue,
For forty thousand gallant men
To take a fond last view.

"I've treasured over fifty years
This precious amulet.
Speak up! Who knows if Lenna,
My love, is living yet?"
"Lenna Bond of Gettysburg
Has joined the grand review
Beyond the cold, dark river,"
Spake up her kinsman true.

"Boys, be still, let me explain,"
The soldier weeping said.
"On Gettysburg's fierce, bloody field,
I was wounded—left for dead.
My memory was shattered—
The past was all a blank,
Till a lad in gray stood over me
To ascertain my rank.

" 'Sergeant,' he said, 'lean hard on me,
You yet may stem the tide.' "
The warrior turned his head away,
His blinding tears to hide,
And when he found his voice again,
"Comrades," he feebly said,
"I'll tie with it, forget-me-nots,
To grace her narrow bed."

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IN MEMORIAM.

EDWARD LEO MCCORMICK.

God rest our noble boy,
Within eternal joy,
    Beyond the sun;
And give us faith to say,
God gave and took away
Our comfort and our stay.
    "His will be done."

Eddie, when nights are long
We'll miss thy cheerful song,
    Thy gay good-night.
While thou in endless day,
Art gone with Christ to stay,
Where tears are wiped away
    In perfect light.

When June returns again
With roses in her train,
    In deathless bloom;
'Mid flowers fresh and fair,
Fanned by celestial air,
Free from all pain and care,
    Thou art at home.

'Tis hard to say "farewell,"
Harder than tongue can tell;
    Never to see
Thy kind and gentle face
In the accustomed place,
Except God soothes with grace
    Our agony.

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Earth to earth and clay to clay,
In holy trust we lay away
Our noble boy;
Hoping to meet once more,
Upon a brighter shore,
Our darling gone before,
To endless joy.

ASTERS.

How beautiful! how beautiful!
The smile the asters wear,
With faces turned heavenward,
Without regret or fear:
Brave children of a hardy race,
Lithe tillers of the soil,
Their sweet simplicity and grace
No studied art can spoil.

Here they display red, white and blue,
Dear colors of our nation;
There purple, blue and violet,
To please the whole creation.
They are the children's flowers,
Abundant, varied, free,
And charming autumn asters
Are just the flowers for me.

How forcibly they teach us
That every thought and deed
Is graven on the human face
That he who runs may read

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The native color of each soul
  Through every feigned disguise,
As lovers read their destiny
  In love-illumined eyes.

Sweet asters, in your unity
  This principle I read:
Be tolerant and loving,
  Whatever be your creed;
It is not well to wrangle
  O'er doctrines dark and deep,
While Christian faith and hope and love,
  In sorrow, fall asleep.

"'Tis well," you say, "that we to all
  Be long suffering and kind,
Lest politics and prejudice
  Render us color-blind;
And let us be in everything
  Exactly what we seem,
For Truth is no delusion
  And virtue is no dream."

For, far into the future
  Of God's Eternity,
We cast our seeds of promise,
  Whatever they may be;
God grant that, like the asters
  When spring returns again,
We may be bright and beautiful,
  And death to us be gain.

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AUTUMN WINDS.

Oh, Autumn winds that cool my brow,
You bring me joy and pain,
I know not which predominates
Nor can I well explain;
You come from scenes of childhood,
So very far away,
From the meadows and the wildwood,
Where we, children, loved to play.

You sweep o'er ruined dwellings,
O'er nest from which have flown
The nestlings of the summer,
Dost know where they have gone?
Oh! Autumn winds that cool my brow,
What brings this fever pain?
You cannot soothe my anguish now,
Although I weep in vain.

You are fickle, Winds of Autumn,
Capricious, proud and vain,
Speed fast and leave me calmly
To battle with my pain.
You know the dear old oak tree
Beside the homestead door,
Where you whirled your golden scepter
In a kingdom now no more.

* * *

I will away to the wildwood
Far from the city's strife,
And dream again of the golden days
At the golden gate of life;

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When the merry laugh of childhood
Came floating on the breeze,
As we strung our coral necklets,
From the tall, red rowan trees.

Harken! Oh, Winds of Autumn,
Before you pass away,
Is there no summer city
Where little children play,
With golden streets, and fruit trees,
And rivers flowing by,
Where healing comes on every breeze
And loved ones never die?

I am so weary of earth's strife,
Its turmoil, sin and sorrow,
They trouble you not in your onward life
To a colder, more dread to-morrow;
You lift up the pall of the pauper's rags,
And laugh thro' the broken door,
Where famine and death are creeping
Over the rotten floor!

"Oh, No! No!" roared back the Wind,
"Old friend, why wrong me so?
It is I who leave good fruit behind
And show where the pumpkins grow.
I am a messenger of good,
But greed rules human hearts.
There is plenty of food and to spare for all
In the world's o'erflowing marts.

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"I would gladly scatter the yellow gold
Could I hold it in my hand,
Like the golden grain and fruit I throw
In showers o'er the land;
I am only a type of a spirit fair
That touches the human heart,
With the love of God, and tells despair,
And sorrow, and sin, depart."

September, 1899.

LOVE.

Love is the soft wind of the south,
Lulling to sleep the restless wave;
The last fond kiss of pallid mouth
This side the portal of the grave.

Love is the essence of the rose,
Soaring, soaring away to greet the sun,
Diffusing sweetness as it goes,
Until its earthly race is run.

Love is the talisman whose hold
Encircles Fate with kindly hand,
Turning the dross of life to gold,
And beautifying desert land.

Love ever seeks its objects good
Though in itself is its completion;
God-like it owns not claims of blood
But glorifies its own creation.

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NEW YEAR—1901.

You are welcome, you bright little fellow!
Come in, take a seat by the fire;
We will give you a warm reception
Because of our love to your sire.

You are young and know little, or nothing,
Of the curious trend of the age.
Events that have lately transpired
Leave dark blots on History's page.

For instance, the war in the Transvaal,
So cruel, revengeful, unjust.
Why not leave the poor Boers to their farms,
Their mines and their handful of dust?

And then, the Chinese, Oh, the Pagans!
What cruelties have they not wrought?
Why not leave them to Father Confucius?
They shamed the good precepts he taught.

Oh me! there are heathens around us—
In London, New York and right here;
The outcasts of civilization,
Who have long since forgotten Christ's prayer.

It seems like gnat-straining to blame them—
Fleeced lambs to the slaughter house come.
Before seeking poor lost souls in China
Why not sweep our doorsteps at home?

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America widens her borders
But harbors the "Army Canteen."
Alas! for the Garden of Eden
When snakes crawl the flowers between!

You are green, little ivy-crowned Monarch
Of the year Nineteen Hundred and One.
And I am a garrulous person
Who wants to know, "What's to be done?"

Then up spoke the royal young Monarch,
With the firm resolve of a man:
"I have pledged my allegiance to heaven
And will set matters right, if I can.

"No bribery, no frauds or corruption
In government I shall allow.
It is selling one's birthright for pottage
And breaking a most solemn vow.

"I will teach coming ages this lesson
As older I grow and more strong,
That humanity must bend the fetters
That bind it to anything wrong.

"For the Kingdom of God is within us,
And each man a priest and a king
Ordained for the service of heaven
The promised millennium to bring.

"And soon, very soon, all shall learn
That love is the keynote to peace.
Their swords shall be beaten to plowshares
And the captives shall all have release.

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"I will wake up the indolent churches
And a scourge of small cords I shall make,
Of the tatters of widows and orphans
Whose ermine the hypocrites take.

"I will slay all the Trust corporations
Established to plunder the poor,
That the Golden Age, laden with plenty
May enter the cottager's door.

"I will shelter the weak and innocent
That Virtue may lift up her head,
Exalting a purified Nation,
Where the Spirit of God has been shed.

"I will break down the wall or partition
That severs the rich from the poor.
For in Christ all God's children are brothers
And enter their home through one door.

"I will shelter the weak and innocent
By public opinion, so strong
That our daughters may grow as the lilies
Whose purity shieldeth from wrong.

"And then I will go to my fathers
And sleep the calm sleep of the just,
Till eternity hands in the record
To God, in whom only we trust."

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THE LOST SMILE.

(A German Legend.)

A little maid awoke one day
And found her bright smile gone.
"I'll hunt it up," she bravely said,
"My playfellows among."
So she went and asked the wind
That frolicked with her hair,
"Pray tell me wind, if you have seen
My lost smile anywhere."

The wind roared loudly to the child:
"Not I, not I, indeed;
'Tis strange how people lose their smiles,
I think they should take heed.
But I may hunt it up for you,
I travel everywhere;
And if you get it back again
Be very careful, dear."

She wandered by the babbling brook
Where little minnows run.
"Pray tell me brooklet, if you stole
Away my smile, for fun?"
"Not I, indeed," the brooklet said,
"Your smile I do not need;
The sun brings thousands every day
My sparkling mood to feed."

"Bright sun," she said, with wistful glance,
"You look so high and wise,
Kindly tell me if you stole
My smile for a surprise."

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"Sweet little maiden," said the sun,
"The raindrops form my bow
Of smiles so bright and beautiful;
They are all I want, you know."

"Oh dear me," cried the little one,
Shaking her weary head,
"I will not find it, I'm afraid,
Before I go to bed.
But I must search and search, and search,
The wide world up and down
For when we lose our sunny smile
We are very apt to frown."

She entered then a cottage door
Where lay a little child
Asleep upon the lap of Death,
And lo! the infant smiled!
"Ah, cruel Death," she cried in tears,
"You are the thief I know,
Who robs the living of their smiles
To deck your sleepers so."

To this Death answered deep and low:
"My children weep no more,
And therefore look more beautiful
And smiling than before;
And from earth's fairest gardens
The choicest buds we take,
For sleeping ones to play with
Whenever they awake."

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Beside a stream old Mother Time
  Wove locks of silver hair.
"It may be," thought the child,
  "She weaves my bright smile over there."
And then she timidly drew near,
  And said, "Dear Mother Time,
Somebody stole my sunny smile,
  Can you detect the crime?"

"I cannot, child," said Mother Time,
  "My work, you see, is slow,
I keep Forgetfulness and Hope
  My errands all to do;
But my good neighbor Wisdom
  May guide you on the way
To where your sunny smile is gone.
I wish you now, good day."

"Dear Wisdom, can you help me find
  A treasure I have lost?
I've heard that you are always kind,
  When people need you most."
But Wisdom gravely answered,
  "Dear child, I cannot do
Aught in the way of finding smiles:
  I teach folks what to know."

"I wish I knew," the child exclaimed.
  "Experience teaches best,
I will arise and go to her—
  The sun sinks in the west."

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Experience looked up with a smile,
"I live to make folks wise,"
She said, "but very few indeed,
Behold things with my eyes.

"Go home and you will find a smile
Awaiting your return,
It is no use when things are lost
To make ado and mourn.
'Tis better to keep constant watch
Than run ten miles around
In search of what our folly lost
That never can be found."

So home again the maiden ran,
Weary, worn and sad,
And for the friends who greeted her
No sunny smile she had.
"She was so bright and beautiful."
She heard the people say,
"Whatever has come over her?
She must have gone astray."

BETWEEN.

(For Decoration Day.)

I stood 'neath the star-gemmed heavens
Beside the graves of my dead.
Anguish too deep for weeping,
Its gloom o'er my spirit shed.

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I cried to the depths of azure
The burden of my pain:—
"Great soul of this awful vastness,
Shall my loved ones live again?"

Silence above and beneath me.
Only the moaning wind
Rustling the cypress branches
With touches soft and kind.
The flowers glanced up in pity,
Methought, in the moonlight cold,
Like sympathizing children
When sorrowful tales are told.

But from above no answer,
And from below no sound.
I stood in the awful silence—
Infinity around.
"I loved them," I moaned in sorrow.
"Shall I never, never more
Behold them some fair morrow
On this, or some other shore?"

"You loved them," a soft voice echoed
The silences between;
"Love keepeth its own forever,
The unseen within the seen.
Enshrined in the hearts of the living
The loved ones forever dwell,
And the Heart of the Great Eternal
Alone can Death's secret tell."

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THE LAST INVESTMENT.

(A Poem for Labor Day.)

Four little bits of babies,
  The oldest scarcely five,
Were huddled in a corner,
  More dead than they were alive.
The mother, pale and weary,
  Sat brooding o'er the case,
With hunger gnawing at her heart,
  And tears upon her face.

A step upon the threshold,
  Averts her drooping eyes;
"What news of work, my husband?"
  And slowly he replies,
"It is the same all over;
  No work, no hope, no trust;
I've made my last investment;
  The babes must have a crust."

They gazed on one another:
  Intelligent surprise
Explained to each the purpose,
  Told only by the eyes.
The water rent was called for,
  The gas bill overdue,
The house rent; well, God pity!
  Whatever would they do?

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The strong man, in his manhood,
Bowed down his head, and wept!
"'Tis not my fault, my darling,
That I've not better kept
The vow I made to cherish"—
Then starting to his feet:
"The children will not hunger
Upon the golden street."

Next day a neighbor found them,
Beyond the reach of woe;
Where 'mid the trees of healing,
The living waters flow.
The gas bill counted higher,
But it would have to wait;
And if good times are coming,
To some they come too late.

LINES ON AN IRISH DAISY.

Stranger, though to you it seemeth
But a little faded thing,
I can love it for the memories
That around it fondly cling.
I can kiss its drooping eyelids,
Bathe with tears its eye of gold;
Do you wonder at my weeping?
Wait until my tale is told.

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In fair fields beyond the ocean
I have seen the daisies grow,
Without any deep emotion
I have chained them in a row,
Round the fair neck of my sister,
Round my little brother's hat,
In my native sunny meadows
I have toyed with flowers like that.

Mother, in our twilight rambles,
Always bore them in her hand;
Father gathered us a bouquet
When in spring he ploughed the land.
Sister Anna culled this flower
From the green sod where it grew,
With its modest face uplifted,
Keeping heaven still in view.

Thus across the wide, wild ocean,
On a wintry voyage come,
It has brought to me a message
From the loving ones at home.
Oh! what tender thoughts awaken,
As I hold it in my hand;
Thoughts of home and happy childhood,
Thoughts of God and fatherland.

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